

THE LIGUORIAN



IN THIS ISSUE

Father Tim Casey.....	386
C. D. McEnniry, C. Ss. R.	
Gleanings from a Missionary Harvest.....	391
Jos. E. Murphy, C. Ss. R.	
Nora's Tragedy.....	399
T. Z. Austin, C. Ss. R.	
The Disillusionment of Uncle Stanhope.....	412
W. T. Bond, C. Ss. R.	

SEPTEMBER—1921

Per Year, \$2.00; Canada and Foreign, \$2.25; Single Copies, 20c
REDEMPTORIST FATHERS, Box A, OCONOMOWOC, WIS.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

(Cont.)

To a Little Girl.....	385
A. A. Thomas, C. Ss. R.	
Knight of Mary Immaculate.....	395
F. J. Romer, C. Ss. R.	
Heap Big Chief.....	404
P. A. Bregenzer, C. Ss. R.	
The Kingdom of God Within.....	407
Bro. Reginald, C. Ss. R.	
The Paths of Light.....	408
Aug. T. Zeller, C. Ss. R.	

Catholic Anecdotes, 420; Pointed Paragraphs, 423; Catholic Events, 427; Question Box, 430; Book Reviews, 431; Lucid Intervals, 432.

IT PAYS TO INVEST

Be a subscriber to the LIGUORIAN: it will serve your best interests.

Be a subscriber to the LIGUORIAN: it contributes to the salvation of souls by aiding in the education of students for the missionary priesthood.

Be a booster for the LIGUORIAN: it will help to spread the good work.

Has your subscription expired? If so, send renewal promptly.

Subscription per year, \$2.00. Canada and Foreign, \$2.25. Single Copies, 20 cents.

Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1913, at the Post Office at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918.

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori:
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. IX.

SEPTEMBER, 1921

No. 9

To a Little Girl

Chubby as a cherub she,
Bright as rose was ne'er;
When she laughs in childish glee,
Roses laugh in sympathy,—
They are sisters, fair.

Eyes like hers were never seen,
But in fairy vales;
All the pansies' plushy sheen
Dark and luring mid the green
'Neath their brilliance pales.

And as nightly, star to star
Lips across the skies;
And their whispered secrets are
Silvery twinkles without mar,
So your laughing eyes.

Laugh again, wee Mercedes,
Laugh, it gladdens us;
'Tis like sunlight in the trees,—
'Tis like wavelets in the breeze,
Silver tremulous.

Laugh your laughter innocent
From your dewy heart:
Sin, nor guile, nor discontent
Ever mar your merriment,—
Love be e'er its start.

When I see you kneel beside
Mother for night-prayers,
With your nightie,—sleepy-eyed,
Then, meseems, the angels glide,
Down the golden stairs.

—A. A. Thomas, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

DREAMS ACCOMPLISHED AND LIFE- WORK DONE

C. D. MC ENNIRY, C. SS. R.

The autumn sun streamed in through the long rows of open windows in St. Mary's school. Father Casey looked across the lawn strewn with fallen leaves and saw the dark-robed nuns moving noiselessly about the class-rooms and heard the soft murmur of the children's voices. Consoling sights and sounds for a zealous Pastor! Did they not tell of dreams accomplished and lifework done!

And then—his gaze wandered up to the eaves, where a gutter had broken and water from last night's rain had trickled down staining the walls and softening the mortar—

"That rascal of a tinner!" he murmured, "his bill was big enough to pay for an entire roof, and here his work didn't stand up for a month."

And he noticed how the grounds were littered with papers by the careless children.

"That's bad," he said, "the yard should be kept neat or the school will have a bad name."

Some of the Sisters had turned to the blackboard and he could see the girls talking behind the teacher's back and the boys indulging in a silent bout at fisticuffs.

The morning mail arrived. There was a fairly indecipherable scrawl from the prospective janitor stating that he had found work in a place that payed higher wages and that he could not accept the position in St. Mary's School. The next was a brief notice from the Loan Company that the interest on the School Debt was falling due.

"I have half the money," wearily sighed the priest, "I wonder what new plan we can devise to raise the rest."

A visitor was announced.

"Good morning, Mrs. Pulsifer. How is little Alice this morning?" The thought of Alice Pulsifer was the first to suggest itself to his mind, for she was one of the children whom he had seen misbehaving while the Sister's back was turned.

"That is just why I came—to speak about Alice. I am going to take her out of St. Mary's and send her to the public school.

"Why surely, Mrs. Pulsifer, you don't mean—."

"I have fully decided!" she said.

Father Casey had heard women speak in that tone of voice before, and he knew that in spite of all reasons and arguments to the contrary, little Alice Pulsifer's Catholic training was at an end.

"Just think," the speaker continued, "why, there are *seventy-three* girls in Alice's room. In the Public School there are not more than forty in any sixth grade room. It is my duty towards my child to give her a proper education—it is an obligation in conscience. No one teacher—even if she is a Sister—can possibly teach seventy-three children."

"It surely is a difficult and wearing task for one teacher," admitted the Priest, "and God knows how happy we should be were we able to provide a separate teacher and a separate room for each forty children. But still, Mrs. Pulsifer, don't you think you are putting it pretty strong when you say that no teacher can possibly teach seventy-three children?"

"Not at all! She simply cannot do it!"

"Why not?"

"Because she cannot give them individual attention."

"Sister Majella," said the priest, "knows just what work each child accomplishes each day. She solves each child's difficulties, and encourages each child to renewed effort. Is not that individual attention?"

"O yes,—to a degree. What I mean is, that no teacher can give seventy-three children *perfect* individual attention."

"Correct!" cried the priest, "neither can one teacher give *perfect* individual attention to forty children, nor for that matter, to twenty, nor even to ten. It is true that a teacher ought to be able to teach forty much better than sixty. It is most unfortunate that we must have such large classes. But remember, Mrs. Pulsifer, in the large classes in our Catholic Schools it is the teacher who suffers rather than the pupils. It ruins the health and racks the nerves of our poor overworked Sisters, but the pupils are able to compete with the pupils of any public school, even though it has only half as many in a room. And, at the same time, the child in the Catholic school is trained and formed in its Holy Religion, which is worth more to the child than

all the worldly knowledge of all the worldly schools that ever existed. You spoke a moment ago of a duty of conscience towards your child. You have one—you know well what it is—and God, your Judge, will hold you to the strictest accountability for the way you perform that duty."

"Let me see," soliloquized the priest after his visitor had gone, "last year the cost of our school, that is maintenance, interest, and the payment on the debt, amounted to about forty dollars per family. And the Pulsifer family contributed—" he reached for an alphabetical list—"Let me see—P-a-t, P-r-u, Putton, Pulsifer! The Pulsifers paid \$14.75—less than one-half of their share, and she is taking out her child, because St. Mary's School has not twice its present capacity and twice its present number of teachers. Can you—Come in! Oh, good morning, Mrs. Cassidy. Take a chair."

"I thank yer Reverence, 'tis more befittin' to the likes av me, to stand forninst yer Reverence. But I ax ye this, Father Tim, is it anny disgrace to be poor? Didn't Our Blessed Lord instichoot His holy Religion for the lowly an' the humble as well for gran' people? What right has the Sisther to insult Molly Cassidy's child because he is poor, tell me that! What right has she to say to my Micky: 'Michael, she sez, there's dur-rt in yer ears, sez she. Go home wid ye, sez she, an' wash it out, she sez, an' thin come back to school, sez she. Dur-rt, do ye mind! Dur-rt! There is no dur-rt on anny wan or anny thing belonging to me. He kem home, Micky did, but as for goin' back, sorra a fut he'll ever set in that school agin! He'll go the Public School where they're all treated alike, and the teachers don't insult a poor woman's childhre."

Mrs. Cassidy's departure meant no rest for the worried Pastor, for before her angry tramp had died away in the distance, Abie Eckstein was at the door. Abie Eckstein kept the little place down the street, where there were three gilded balls outside the door and sundry and various other gilded things within. He had chosen a quiet morning hour while business was slack to come and make his demands on the priest.

"Vater Cassey, I vant fife tollars. You gif me fife tollars, or I go by the Polise Station and put dem rascals in chail! Dey dake dot ball and smash my fine blate glass vindow! It's worth twenty tollars! *Twenty tollars!* You gif me fife tollars and I say noddings!"

"Do you mean to say that they deliberately threw a base-ball through your window, Mr. Eckstein?"

"Dey dont trow him—dey hit him mit de bat and smash my vindow! Twenty tollars!"

"Oh, Mr. Eckstein, they were just playing ball in the street. The breaking of your window was an accident."

"No accident! No accident! Dey hit him straight vor my vindow! My fine blate glass vindow! Twenty tollars! Twenty tollars!"

The Jew was followed by a Christian who was savage as a Turk.

"I am pained," she said, "to be forced to demand that one of the Sisters be removed from this school at once. I thought it only proper to speak to you, the Pastor, in order to give you an opportunity to act before I report the matter to the Right Reverend Bishop. This Sister has taken an unreasonable dislike to my Clarence, and yesterday she punished him for something of which he was wholly innocent. The punishment was so far beyond bounds that the dear child suffered from a headache all night and this morning he was scarcely able to stand. I fear he is going to have a severe sick spell, but even after he is entirely recovered, I positively refuse to send him back to school until Sister Philothea is removed."

Was it a happy chance, or was it the maligned Sister's Angel Guardian that caused Father Casey to glance out the far window of the rectory just at that precise moment? Be it as it may, he caught one flying glimpse of the North Market Car, and clinging to the rear, with his legs twined about the coupler and his head bobbing hither and yon to escape the eye of the watchful conductor, was Clarence.

"Come quickly, Mrs. Baker," cried the priest springing up and leading her out onto the porch. "Do you recognize the boy stealing a ride on that car?"

"Clarence!" she shrieked. "Clarence! Oh, my boy will be killed!" and she rushed wildly down the street after the speeding car.

"She has always devoted enough time to talking of 'the dear child'," thought Father Casey. "If she had used a little of that time in judiciously spanking him, he would not now be the sneak and liar and pest that he is."

As Father Casey turned to re-enter the house a portly gentleman came panting in from the street.

"Pardon me, Sir, are you the Pastor of this school?"

The Priest was strongly tempted to reply: "No, I'm not the Pas-

tor—I'm the goat!" But his better manners prevailed, and he answered: "Father Timothy Casey, at your service, Sir."

"Well," returned the other. "I am a truant officer." Here he drew from his pocket a bundle of paste-board cards and shuffled them over until he found those he wanted. "Two boys of school age who are listed as attending your school, were seen yesterday fishing near the wharf during school hours. They are—ahem—well, here are their names." And he handed Father Casey two cards upon one of which was written: Serafino Cianciulli, and on the other: Cyril Czerepanik.

"Oh, yes," said the Priest, "the Sister in charge of their room noted their absence, and the matter is under investigation."

"Very well, Sir. Good day, Sir."

The next was Bobby Dwyer. Bobby was no cry-baby. In fact, it was a matter of history that he had been hit on the head by a brick and hadn't shed a tear. However he managed to elaborate a few tears for this occasion.

"Fader, Sistur said I had to come over here to you. An' Sistur said, Fader, I had to tell you I was talkin' bad, Fader. Them kids in the baby-room told on me—they're always tellin' tales. An' I didn't say nawthin' bad, Fader,—least, not so turrible bad. Or if I did, I didn't mean it, Fader. Annyhow them kids don't know. They didn't hear me when I said it,—they was too fur away. An' I won't say it anymore."

That was all the "school-business" Father Casey had for one morning—except that Sister Immaculata sent over word that the sewer had got stopped up, and during remission one of the boys was accidentally struck by a base-ball bat and the doctor had to be called and his mother notified. Then too, the Superior came to tell him that the teacher of the Seventh Grade had developed an attack of appendicitis, and they thought there would have to be an operation and would he please write to Reverend Mother to get another Sister to take her place.

Outside of that there was nothing. He sat in his study wondering where the morning had gone—and looking across the lawn strewn with autumn leaves, he saw the dark-robed nuns moving noiselessly about the class-rooms and heard the soft murmur of the children's voices. Consoling sights and sounds for a zealous pastor! But did they tell of dreams accomplished and of life-work done?

Gleanings from a Missionary Harvest

IN PORTO RICO

JOSEPH E. MURPHY, C. SS. R.

The Redemptorist Fathers after many years of toil for the good of souls in Puerta de Tierra, Porto Rico, concluded that their efforts would ever remain ineffectual without the aid of a parish school. Therefore after great expense and sacrifice they erected a beautiful and spacious building, the present Saint Augustine's School. This new school was destined to be placed under the direction of the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Accordingly in the Fall of 1915 eleven Sisters left New York to sail for their new and unique field of labor.

It was indeed a motley crowd of pupils that came to seek admission on September 27th, a few moments after all the church bells had been rung to announce the opening of the new school. Five hundred and sixty children representing all shades and types from the Spanish blonde to the darkest African appeared on the first day, all holding certificates showing their respective grade. The choosing of these 560 from the over 1,000 who had made application before, had been accomplished the week previous, but that is another tale. The children were ushered into their respective class-rooms, chattering and jabbering like parrots; they had absolutely no conception of any discipline, but talked and laughed, moved about from place to place, thinking it absurd to remain in the same seat all the time. Many of them also tried to change rooms; when they had tried one, they wished to see what was going on in another. Good order, however, was firmly insisted upon and with patient, constant effort, this was effected after a short time. Only the first four grades could be taken up during this year, but each succeeding year a new grade was opened until in 1919 the full eight years' course was given. From the very beginning of the course of study prescribed by the Department of Education for the public schools of the Island was followed. In March of 1919 the school received its first certificate of accreditation. This entitled the pupils to enter the public High Schools without further examination. All the inspectors who had visited the school have spoken very highly of the work done, and the graduates who have

entered the public High Schools have won a good report for the Colegio. The number of pupils has gone on increasing steadily, but each year many have to be refused admission as it is impossible to tax the teachers any more.

The children here in Puerta de Tierra are of the very poorest class. Most of them know nothing of the comforts of a home, hence there is no early training to preface the work of the teacher. They live in miserable shacks, which most times contain no more than a hammock or two, a charcoal burner and a few tin cans, tables and chairs being reckoned among the luxuries. To sit on a bench in school was a novel experience for many. It is surprising, however, to note how wonderfully the desks and books have been preserved after six years of hard usage. The books were furnished by the Redemptorist Fathers and the School Sisters of Notre Dame. The beautiful concrete building of 18 class-rooms with ample and suitable equipment stands as a lasting monument of the zeal and charity of the Redemptorist Fathers. The maintenance of this institution is indeed a perpetual miracle of God's bountiful Providence.

Along with book-learning it has been endeavored to instil a practical knowledge and application of the rules of order and cleanliness. Many a visitor from the States is surprised to know that the neatly combed little pickaninny in her immaculate starched dress has come out of a miserable hut from the poorest section. The very poor pupils have ever received the necessary material aid. Especially during the 1916 epidemic a countless number of articles of clothing and shoes, as well as food and medicine were distributed among the deserving and desolate. Many a poor little waif's life was saved during this time of affliction by the provision of a temporary hospital where the proper care was tendered him. After the great earthquake in 1918 and again after the terrible fire of late, the school proved to be the haven of refuge for the stricken sufferers. Over 60 persons lived in the building until other lodgings were secured; and over 800 received articles of clothing. The sewing machines were kept humming from early morn till late at night in order to supply the needy.

Most of the children are docile and eager to advance, especially do they aspire to learn to speak "el inglés". This is indeed the hardest branch for the teacher, but at the same time considerable progress can be seen and many a laughable incident spices the English period. The difficulties of pronounciation seem at times insurmountable, still

the progress has been notable. Porto Rico's position between the Spanish and English Americans necessarily calls for a bi-lingual education, though the loyal Porto Rican usually inclines most favorably to the Spanish.

In order to foster a congenial and friendly spirit among the pupils, little feasts are given them from time to time. Thus on Three King's Day, for instance, each receives a little toy, a few pieces of candy and a banana or an orange. It is really edifying to note that almost every one saves a portion of his goodies for his "mamá". Along with this filial love for their parents, they also show a tender devotion to their heavenly Mother. The "Virgen Santisima" is indeed their ever-sought refuge, and many an evident blessing has she secured them. During the month of May they venerate her most lovingly. Every evening a number of children group themselves before her magnificently adorned shrine and recite verses in her honor. They speak to her as if she were actually present. To be an angel or a flower-strewer in the outdoor May procession is indeed a coveted honor. Likewise is it considered a privilege for the school-girls to be permitted to join the "Children of Mary", which society is well established and already numbers over 250 practical members and about 150 aspirants.

To provide in at least a small measure against the baneful influences of the tobacco factories on the young ladies of the parish, a sewing room has been established under the direction of two of the Sisters. Here the girls, numbering about 70, are taught every kind of fancy and plain needlework, specializing however in the Porto Rican drawn work in which field they show themselves very apt. Many of their pieces are truly artistic. They are sold to tourists who usually wish to take with them some souvenirs from the "Enchanted Isle". In this way money is secured in order to pay the workers a weekly salary by which many support themselves. Lessons in plain sewing are given each week in all the girls' grades. The majority of the boys support themselves by working after school hours. It is no rare occurrence that lack of suitable clothing hinders them from attending class and obliges them to earn for themselves the necessary raiment.

For those who attend the public schools, a Christian Doctrine class has been established. Every Sunday after the High Mass instructions are given to about 150 who avail themselves of this opportunity. These children also have the advantage twice a year to attend daily

after school hours for about six weeks a special instruction to prepare them for their First Holy Communion.

Truly consoling is it to note the marvelous change that has been wrought through the influence of the Colegio. In the beginning the order in church was anything but laudable. There was so much talking and laughing that the place seemed more like a depot than a church. The presence of the Blessed Sacrament did not appear to be known nor recognized. Now a zealous and enthusiastic band of young men, some of the first graduates of the school, have organized a Confraternity, and among other duties assumed those of ushers. The children have their places assigned to them, each child with his own grade, and the order thus established is equal to that found in our churches in the States.

Since the opening of the school in 1915 over 1,400 children have received their First Holy Communion. Most of these had to use clothing which was loaned them for the occasion. Thus the same shoes, dresses and wreaths have already done a six-year service. The Sunday Mass attendance it can in all truth be said, has improved 1,000%. Many of the older children receive Holy Communion weekly and some even daily. All the pupils attend Holy Mass every day before the school session.

I BELONG TO GOD.

After the Civil War the sacrifice of Negro women for freedom and uplift is one of the finest chapters in their history. Let one life typify all: Louise De Mortie, a free born Virginia girl, had lived most of her life in Boston. Her high forehead, swelling lips and dark eyes marked her for a woman of feeling and intellect. She began a successful career as a public reader. Then came the War and the Call.

She went to the orphaned colored children of New Orleans—out of freedom into insult and oppression and into the teeth of yellow fever. She toiled and dreamed. In 1887 she had raised money and built an orphan home and that same year, in the thirty-fourth of her life, she died, saying simply:

"I belong to God."

—*Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois.*

Knight of Mary Immaculate

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI

F. J. ROMER, C. SS. R.

Father Jansen, C. Ss. R. in his contribution to *L'Ami Du Clerge* (Jan., 1908) throws strong light on the kindred spirits of St. Alphonsus Liguori and the then gloriously reigning pontiff, Pius X. "To restore all things in Christ" was the motto of Pope Pius; and "to restore all things in Christ" was the life-endavor of the Doctor of modern times. But the likeness extends even to the way in which they took up their tasks. One of the first acts of the newly-crowned pontiff was to proclaim the Golden Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception; to begin his pontificate under the patronage of heaven's spotless Queen. St. Alphonsus' career, too, in whatever stage we examine it, always opens with Mary, is inseparably linked with Mary. Whether it is his vocation or conversion, as he chooses to call it, whether it is the period of his missionary activity or of his literary labors; whether we see him exhorting the faithful, or refuting the heretics; addressing pure souls well on the way to perfection, or sinners steeped in the slime of vice; he ever appears the ardent lover of the Virgin Mother of God, the champion of her high prerogatives, the Knight of Mary Immaculate. She was at once that Ivory Tower of David, in which he found shelter, from which he went forth to meet all adversaries; and the Fair Lady, who dwelt in that tower, the Lady of his heart, the inspiration of his whole life of combat for God, the Church and souls.

I.

Canon Sheehan very truly remarks in treating of Mary, we are apt to think that we have caught at something within our mental reach, and to dwell unduly on Mary the creature. But, he adds, "it is only when we have recognized the truth, that if the Incarnate God be the greatest of all mysteries, the Mother of the Incarnate God must participate in that mystery, that we shelter ourselves under our humanity, leaving to God the knowledge of his mysteries and retaining only our wonder and admiration for Him and them." This, I take it, was the viewpoint of St. Alphonsus, the mainspring of his boundless love for Mary. Only recall the saint's tender and loving devotion to Jesus in

the crib; his burning love for Jesus in the Sacrament; only remember his long and frequent meditations on the Incarnate God's love-tokens. How he sounded the depths of Jesus' humiliations, fathomed the abyss of His sufferings, and measured the infinite distance of his sacramental annihilation; and how he crowned his reflection with the thought: And Mary is His Mother! Then you can realize in some faint degree Alphonsus' lofty conception of the Virgin's dignity, his unspeakable love for her maternity, and his intense zeal for her honor and glory. As Father Stocchi, S. J., says: "Alphonsus did not simply burn with love for Mary,—his soul liquified, it was consumed."

And of this unbounded esteem for Jesus' Mother the saint's own words give ample proof. "O Mary, Mary," he exclaims, "thou art more beautiful than all creatures; after Jesus thou art more lovable than ought else that man can love. Thou art deserving of more esteem than all created things. Thou art more charming than anything that can captivate our hearts!" But not Mary's sublime glory and majesty alone ravished his soul. He was convinced of her unlimited power and of her active share in the shaping of his life. "To her," he avowed, "I owe my progress in the spiritual life. On account of my sins I should have gone backward, but because of my devotion to the Most Blessed Virgin I have made some advance."

Nor was this devotion a mere admiration. Those Saturday fasts on bread and water; that careful observance of Mary's novenas and vigils; the numberless other mortifications; those incessant invocations of her holy name; those fervent Aves every fifteen minutes; those countless works begun and closed with other Aves; that picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel on his table; the devout recitation of the Angelus, of the rosary and of the Psalms of St. Bonaventure; that high esteem for Mary's scapular; all these and many more were the practical tokens of St. Alphonsus love and holy regard for his heavenly Queen.

But it takes Canon Sheehan to give us an adequate picture of the Saint's personal affection for Mary. "That sublime vision that struck the eyes of St. John at Patmos with its splendor—'the woman clothed with the sun'—had also shed the light of her beauty and her brightness on our saint, and kindled a love within him, which broke forth in praise, that to a worldly or impious mind would seem extravagant. To his pure and lofty mind the awful grandeur of Mary's sanctity was a perpetual source of wonderment, and he dwelt on it with that in-

tense pleasure and enthusiasm with which saints always regard whatever is a glory of God's handiwork. It lifted him above earth to perceive that one of God's human creatures could be made capable of such splendors of virtue and power as the Mother of God possessed; and failing human speech to paint her spiritual beauty he had recourse to the words of the Divinity, and enlisted on her behalf the Psalmist and the inspired author of the Cantic of Canticles to praise and exalt her, and pour from his overflowing heart the happiness and joy that filled it for God's wonderful dealings with his handmaid." (Mariae Corona, p. 163.)

II.

"And once possessed of these sublime ideas, "continues the Canon, "he cannot rest until the world adopts them, and sends up to Mary's throne in heaven the incense of its praise and veneration. And he exhausts all the resources of his eloquent language to persuade men of her dignity and privileges, of her mercy and of her power."

In the fulfilment of his great mission to mankind St. Alphonsus manifested a twofold activity. As long as bodily strength permitted he was an active missionary, ever in the field and wielding the sword of preaching. But when physical strength failed, he took up the sword of the pen, and with this waged a war that has not ceased to this day. To see in this mighty struggle the Knight of Mary, we must briefly review the religious situation in St. Alphonsus' time. We commonly call the two centuries past the age of indifferentism and infidelity. And rightly. Protestantism had begotten deism and atheism. Catholicity had been harassed by Jansenistic heresy. All these inimical forces were bitter against Mary. She who was the destroyer of all heresies, could hold no place in such movements. Jansenism especially, that wolf in sheep's clothing, wrought terrible havoc within the True Fold; and in nothing more than in sapping the people's devotion to the Mother of God. Like the serpent within one's bosom, it poisoned the hearts of the faithful, and stifled that devotion which had hitherto been the source of life to so many Christians. Jansenism, with its stern notions of grace and predestination, robbed Mary of her office of Mediator, and pronounced it a sin against our Divine Redeemer to place confidence in her intercession. Taking its rise in France, this storm of frigid doctrine swept across the Alps, and southward over Italy's sunny slopes, and already the classic land of the Madonna

shivered under the chill blasts of Jansenism, which threatened to blight the religious life of the nation.

From the beginning of his apostolate St. Alphonsus perceived with alarm the declining esteem for Mary. He felt that this decline meant nothing less than loss of faith to his countrymen. That faith was already on the wane, and many were the souls strayed from the path of truth and duty. These souls St. Alphonsus was called to lead back. But up loomed that sublime truth of which St. Alphonsus was ever the staunch defender and zealous preacher, that all graces come to us through Mary. Hence if he would convert his countrymen, he must begin by reviving devotion to Mary. Then, too, his ardent love for the Mother of God could brook no such coldness on the part of the people toward Mary.

Alphonsus, therefore, entered on his missionary career with the call of return to Mary. Mary must again be set on her throne as Queen of men, as Queen of Angels, as Queen of the universe. He set to work with energy; and what a stir his appeal created. Not a mission without a special sermon on the power and mercy of Mary; not an evening service without the rosary and devout hymns to the Virgin Mother; not a Saturday without its own devotion in her honor, a sermon, the litany of Loretto, the rosary and other prayers: such were the energetic measures St. Alphonsus took to revive the old love for Mary. His own sermons were a fire of love that kindled the hearts of all his hearers and quickly brought them to Mary's feet. "O men!" he exclaimed, "Why do you not love Mary, who is so loving, so worthy of love, and so faithful. Who showers graces and consolations upon us in this life, and who wishes to obtain from her Son our eternal happiness in the next!"

And we know how this Queen publicly manifested her pleasure and approval by the marvellous miracles of Foggia and Amalfi. These wonders wrought before all the people proclaim more loudly than words the intensity of the Saint's zeal for Mary's honor. They fill out the picture of his labors for Mary as a missionary. This zeal and these labors were to culminate and endure in his career as a writer.

(To be continued.)

Love and be happy; he who loves God should never allow dark and gloomy thoughts to enter his heart.—St. Alphonsus Liguori.

Nora's Tragedy

HER MOTHER'S GIRL STILL

ADAPTED BY T. Z. AUSTIN, C. SS. R.

Evening in New York: the gray clouds that winter drags in his train hung low over the city mingling almost imperceptibly with the mist and the smoke. It was dull and dreary enough in the streets; but duller and drearier still in the Broadway millinery store. In a rear room, rather small and stuffy, a group of girls and ladies were busy making up and remaking or remodelling dresses. As the afternoon wore into 4 o'clock they dragged their chairs as close to the windows as possible to get all the light that could be had. They worked hard—for to them it meant life; their wages were not good—and though their wants were simple, they had to skimp on their pittance. Their pale, drawn faces were evidence of this.

"My God!" sighed one of the girls at her work—"but this Greek model is altogether too hard to imitate; I can't." She put down the dress on her lap and put her hands to her head. "And how my head aches. I don't see why Madame Wharton wants it changed again,—she has just had it a short time!"

"Give it to me, Jane," said her neighbor, Kate Daly. "I'll finish it for you; you ought to go home and get to bed or else you'll be sick for good. Come, give it to me."

Jane, despite her headache, hesitated; perhaps she feared she might lose her position—and then what of the rent! But she was too unwell to go on; so after a few more stitches she gave up.

"It's so good of you, Kate, to offer yourself," she said to her neighbor. "I really must go home. I can't stand it any longer."

As she put on her poor wraps and left almost staggering, Kate bade her a genial goodnight and set to work on Madame Wharton's dress.

She was sad herself—but it seemed that her own trouble made her feel more sympathy for others and forget her sorrows for a while. But as she stitched bravely away at the difficult work, her own troubles came once more before her mind. She seemed to hear again the strange "good morning" that had greeted her as she left her lowly flat that morning; she seemed to see again the angry landlady calling after her—"Mind—not a day more! if you don't bring the rent Satur-

day I'll pack your things out into the street; they aren't worth taking to the ragman anyway!"

The vision was so real. Kate started from her work and dropped needle and dress and started out of the window into the dull, drab, hopeless sky.

"I can't pay!" she said—"I can't—it's three days more to pay day and what I get is hardly enough for this week, and three weeks' rent is due! What will I do? Where will I go?"

She picked up the dress again absentmindedly. Her trouble had taken all the energy out of her fingers and sapped all her courage. She fingered the dress languidly.

"What's this?" she exclaimed in surprise, feeling something hard. She turned the dress about to find the pocket and pulled out a handkerchief. "Ha," she laughed, "Madame forgot to search her pockets before she brought her dress back to be remodelled. And this—"she stopped. "A ten dollar bill!" she breathed, straightening out the crumpled paper.

She looked around the poorly lighted room and saw that none of the other seamstresses was observing or noticing her. She slipped the money into her pocket—and as she did, she involuntarily ran her hand over her face, for it seemed to burn strangely. Was she blushing?

"Ten dollars!" she breathed to herself; "God has sent it to me, hasn't He. Don't I need it badly—. Indeed," she reflected further,—and as if to quench the burning that crept round her cheeks and brow and neck, "and Mrs. Wharton has no need of it whatsoever. Why, she has superfluous money!" And with burning cheeks and trembling fingers she worked on.

II.

It was quite late when Kate reached home—for she wished to finish as much as possible of the dress for her companion Jane. Never had she had any difficulty in saying her night prayers—it was always her sweetest consolation to speak to God. But tonight something seemed to stand between her and her Lord.

Ten dollars! How long those ten dollars, coming again and again before her mind, made the silent, feverish, lonely night seem! At last, at last—the black sky turned to gray and then to pink—as the

sun's first rays shot from the East. Kate rose—not rested, but with a nervous headache.

"No," she said to herself, "no, I can't stand this a moment longer! I would rather go from door to door begging my bread and sleep on a park bench at night than have this theft rambling in my conscience a moment longer! I'll bring the money back at once and try to forget this night of nights! God forgive me my sin!"

Her haste must have surprised her companions as she came into the working room earlier than usual. There still lay Madame Wharton's dress, and quickly she slipped the ten dollar bill back into the pocket. Tears started to her eyes—but oh, the relief of those tears! What a load they seemed to melt from her heart!

"Now," she said, "I can breathe again! O God in heaven, now I realize why I pray daily: Lead us not into temptation."

III.

Ten years passed by, bringing great changes. Kate Daly—the poor seamstress, had worked herself up so well that she had a home of her own. Then came her romance: a lover, who was wealthy. They were married and the once hardworking girl could, as Mrs. Newell, have a maid of her own to do her work.

It was again a day in February—a Saturday evening, cold and bleak. Mr. Newell, as was his wont, when he returned from work, was seated on his favorite chair before the hearth, reading the paper. Two little lads were playing on the floor. As his wife, Kate, entered, he put down the paper and awaited her.

"Why, Kate," he asked, "what's the trouble? You look worried about something."

"I can't imagine," she replied, feeling about in her pockets, "what became of that money you gave me this morning—the two five dollar bills, you know. It seems to me I laid them on my dresser."

"Perhaps the children—" ventured her husband.

"The children didn't enter my room, I'm sure."

"I know where the money is," spoke up Lawrence, one of the lads. "It was two five dollar bills, wasn't it?"

"Yes—that's just what it was. What do you know about them?" asked the mother coming to the lad.

"Nora, the maid, took them!" replied the boy decisively.

"Impossible!" said the mother.

"Yes, she did;" went on the boy, "I saw her put something under her work-basket this morning, and after she went out of the room I looked what it was—and that's what it was—two five dollar bills."

"You are mistaken, my child," said the father incredulously. "Nora is the most trustworthy person in the world—she would never have taken it!"

"That's true," added Kate. "But, my dear," she said in a lower tone turning to her husband—"little Larry's words are strange. And she may be really the most honest person in the world and still in a moment of temptation —"

The curtains rustled behind her and she stopped abruptly. For as she turned she saw Nora herself enter the room. She was a fair girl—with great honest blue eyes, and a sweet face—just turned seventeen.

"I thought you called," she said hesitatingly. She seemed to be unable to look at her mistress—for she stood there with eyes cast down and a deep scarlet spread over her face.

Kate looked at the girl for a while and she seemed to see a vision of another girl years ago who was tempted by a ten dollar bill!

"No, Nora," she said very calmly, "you did not think I called! Just go over into the children's room; I'll be there in a little while; I want to see you."

Nora withdrew. But it was not to the children's room that she went, but to her own,—trembling so much that she had to steady herself on the banister as she ascended the steps. While at work in an adjoining room she had heard the entire conversation between her mistress and her husband—had heard the child's evidence—heard all. And she realized at once that her theft—the only one she had ever committed—was discovered.

"What will happen to me now?" she said sinking into a chair. The tears sprang to her eyes and she sobbed in the depth of her shame and misery. "They'll send for a policeman and have me arrested * * * O my poor mother! How I have put her to shame! Her daughter a thief! O why did I take that money! It were better if I had died! No, no; Mrs. Newell will not find me here." She rose and walked over to the window. "Anything rather than shame!" she said. "I'll jump from the window and hide myself." She opened it * * *

"What do you intend to do, Nora?" it was her mistress' voice,

calm and kind. Nora turned at the sound and a cry of shame and fright broke from her lips.

But Kate drew the trembling girl to herself, pressed her head to her breast and spoke to her in a motherly way.

"Nora, my girl, you've done wrong! But it is not too late to set all right again. One mistake, one fall is not a whole life. Come, begin again, my child, and from today on start a new leaf."

Nora broke from Kate's embrace and got the two five dollar bills and still sobbing, handed them to her mistress.

"Yes, Mrs. Newell," she said, "I will begin again, because you are as good as an angel. Never again will I be dishonest. I don't know what possessed me to take the money. Only I am supporting my mother and I would love to have fine things like other girls * * * But you will want me to leave * * * you will discharge me now * * *

"No, Nora," said Kate, "I won't do that. I'll forgive and forget—entirely—and you'll remain with me."

Nora's tears broke out afresh, and seizing her mistress' hand she pressed it to her lips.

"O Madam," she cried, "if you hadn't come I would have jumped from that window and God knows what would have happened to me—I don't know what I would have done—for it seemed to me as if I couldn't live any longer if Mother should ever hear that he daughter was a thief."

"Nora," said Kate, raising the girl's face and looking into her innocent eyes, "we'll blot this day out completely and now just start over. Come, this is Saturday evening; we'll go over to church together and there you'll have peace of heart again and God's grace. And it will be a new day tomorrow, won't it?"

Nora kissed her hand again, murmuring, "you are so good to me!"

Late that night Kate sat in her room in deep thought.

"Am I really so good?" she said to herself. "It seems to me only yesterday that I was in the same plight as Nora today. I myself was a thief—and yet I began again. Should I be harder on this girl than Almighty God has been to me?"

He only is exempt from failures who makes no efforts.—
Whately.

Heap Big Chief

A MISSION TO THE CHIPPEWA INDIANS

P. A. BREGENZER, C. SS. R.

About two and a half miles from the town of Cloquet, Minnesota, on a high bluff overlooking the historic St. Louis River, is a small but neat frame church dedicated to the Holy Family. This church has since been destroyed by the terrible fire of October, 1920. In it about sixty Chippewa Indian families belonging to the Fond du Lac Reservation were wont to congregate twice a month, to adore and worship the great Manitou. In June, 1919, Father Simon Lampke, O. S. B., the zealous and self-sacrificing Indian missionary who probably is the greatest living authority on the Chippewa language, invited a Redemptorist Father who had given several missions to the Indians in the northern wilds of Wisconsin, to preach a mission to the Indians of Fond du Lac Reservation.

St. Alphonsus de Liguori founded the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer so that the members might preach missions to the poorest and most abandoned people. And surely the poor Indians of the north, who find no true friend among white men except in the Catholic priests and Sisters who labor for them, belong to this class.

Fond du Lac Reservation is one of the oldest in the country. Originally the Chippewa came from Canada and in the course of time drifted down and settled in Minnesota and Northern Wisconsin on the shores of Lake Superior, which they call "Kitchigami" or "Big Water". They were perhaps the most peaceful of the tribes and are so still. Bishop Baraga, the Jesuit Fathers, the Franciscans, and later the Benedictines took care of their spiritual needs, wrote their grammar, which was a most difficult task, and gave them a literature of their own.

Before the invasion of the whites, the Indians were very good; but, mingling with them they adopted many of their bad qualities and few of their good ones. Divorce and race suicide were unknown amongst them. They took naturally to the Catholic Religion and were attracted by its beautiful ceremonies. The priest is called among them "Mekatewikwanie", i. e., "Black Robe",—though every individual priest receives his own name from some special characteristic or some-

thing striking about his personality or even dress. Thus good Father Odorec, O. F. M., who was of small stature, they called, "Inini", i. e., "Little Man;" Father Simon, who has a strong sonorous voice is called, "Gaminotagos," i. e., "He pleasing to hear." The writer of this article also received his name,—“Migisis” or “Eagle Eye”, or “One who looks down from above.”

Well, the Mission opened on Sunday June 9, and the attendance was inspiring. Catholic Indians from the entire Reservation,—some coming a distance of twenty-four miles,—were present. Some of these good people camped in the woods, in their tepees, during the entire mission. Many came on foot ten or twelve miles daily in all kinds of weather,—the women carrying their papooses on their backs. In church the men were separated from the women. The little children were seated by their mothers, on the floor of the center aisle, and behaved nicely. The Indians were most attentive listeners, and conducted themselves with more reverence than many of their white brethren do. In fact during the sermon, their conduct is so stoical, so impassive, that it is almost impossible to tell whether one has made an impression on them or not. They are silent and immovable. Some of the Indians present,—but rather few,—were quite intelligent and well educated.

During the mission several young ladies from the parish church in Cloquet attended the services. They had to walk three and a half miles through the woods in which the Indians lived. I asked them if they were not afraid; they said: “No; it was never known that any of the Indians ever molested or insulted a white person.”

At the end of the Mission we organized the Holy Name Society. If the majority of the men did not speak English, it would not have been necessary, because there are no “curse words” in the Chippewa language. The mothers love their children intensely, and not always too wisely, for they condone their faults too easily. This probably is the reason why later on so many became wayward and break the hearts of their mothers. They are easily led. One of the Indian missionaries has well described them in calling them “big boys and big girls”. An Indian is always a child.

He has no regard for money; it burns in his pocket, apparently, until he gets rid of it. During the mission I met a young man who had worked hard for six months in a mill at Odanah, Wisconsin. Somehow he had managed to save three hundred and fifty dollars.

But then he went through it all in three days. Of course, some unscrupulous whites who short-changed him helped him to accomplish this feat. This same young man,—after his escapade, came to see Father Simon while the mission was going on. He was getting over his “drunk”, as he called it, and asked Father Simon to give him a good talking to. Father Simon and I talked to him for half an hour, telling him about the evils of drink,—how he was spending his money foolishly, ruining his health, and so on. Meanwhile the Indian stood at the door, cap in hand, like a poor publican. When Father Simon had exhausted his arguments, the Indian quietly looked at him, went up to him, and laying his hand on the priest’s shoulder said: “Father, give me some more of that talk; I liked that!”—Indeed, they are like children; they quarrel very easily and make up just as quickly. While they mistrust the white man, probably because robbed and deceived by them so often, they place implicit confidence in the priest.

The Indians are indolent by nature. Most of them have an allotment of eighty acres; but they till only a small piece of ground,—enough to raise a few potatoes, bagas, and heads of cabbage. Their principal food is wild rice, which they gather in July. They are also fond of fat pork, baking-powder biscuits, soda water and ice cream. Much of the money they receive is spent in the moving picture shows, where they can sit for hours at a time.

No matter how poor they may be, most of them have a phonograph, as they are very fond of music and dancing. A regular Babel of “canned” music greeted my ears during the week I stayed at the reservation. The records were evidently worn out from constant usage; nevertheless it was sweet music to the Indian.

In October, 1920, a terrible forest fire swept over the northern portion of Minnesota. The town of Cloquet was reduced to a mass of ruins. Nor was the Indian Reservation spared. Most of the Indians lost all their earthly possessions, but they came back to the Reservation and with the little money they received from the Government rebuilt their shacks. The church and priest’s residence were also rebuilt, with the aid of help from outside.

The Indian is very much attached to the Reservation, and no matter how far he may wander from it, he will come back to it sooner or later. During the Mission there seemed to be such a home-coming. Many came a distance of a hundred and forty to a hundred and eighty miles. The homes of the Chippewa are poor, but still, at least many

of those I visited, were neat and clean. The white plague is reducing their number rapidly,—and this is due I think, to the housing conditions. During winter they usually congregate in one room heated by a wood stove. Windows and doors being closed, there must be a lack of fresh, breathable air.

One more trait about the Chippewa is, that he is grateful for what is done for him. At one of the missions, the Indians accompanied the missionary to the depot, marching single file, and remained on the platform until the train was out of sight. Among them, too, are some living saints: many women and men are daily communicants.

There is a lack of missionaries who can speak their language. Most probably, if there were more, many who are now Pagans, would be brought to the true Faith. Protestantism has no attraction for them.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN.

If thou continue on thy way
Treading the path the Savior trod.
Me thinks I hear Him gently say
"Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

Tho' suffering come and thou dost sigh
Beneath the ever chastening rod,
Within thy heart oh! hear His cry;
"Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

Deep in thy heart He loves to rest,
Thy strife approving with His nod.
While softly whispering in thy breast;
"Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

Bro. Reginald, C. Ss. R.

Did it ever occur to you that trying to reach heaven is like crossing a street in the business section of a big city? Cars, wagons, people, are coming from all directions, crossing and recrossing your path. How cautious and vigilant you have to be to avoid mishaps! But your road to heaven is as much beset; for the World, the Flesh and the Devil are constantly crossing your path, and threatening to trip you up or knock you down. Yet little care you use to avoid the danger!

The Paths of Light

ORESTES A. BROWNSON, CONVERT

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. SS. R.

"Undoubtedly," says Msgr. Sullivan in a sketch of the noted convert, "Dr. Brownson was one of the most wonderful minds of our country,—perhaps of the nineteenth century. His command of the English language was admirable for its clearness, terseness and vigor. His wide range of knowledge in the vast domain of Literature, History, Philosophy and Theology, was simply marvellous. His reasoning power, his skill in the use of logic, command not only the respect but also the admiration of the best scholars, both in this country and in other lands."

But we need not appeal to mere verbal testimony to realize the greatness of Orestes A. Brownson. His achievement speaks for him. His printed works, as edited by his son, fill twenty volumes. He was, at various times, editor of many papers and magazines, such as, "The Christian Advocate," "The Free Enquirer," "The Philanthropist," "The Democratic Review," "The Universalist," "The Boston Quarterly Review," and "Brownson's Review."

However, it seems to me, the rarest testimony of the esteem in which he was universally held, is that Cardinal Newman, when a Catholic University was in contemplation in Ireland, invited Dr. Brownson to accept a professorship. Newman and Brownson were both great minds; both powerful with the pen; both masters of the English language; both prolific writers; both deep thinkers; and both, though they approached the Church by different ways, ultimately put to themselves the same decisive question: "If I were to die, what would become of my soul?" Their answer was to join the Church.

FIRST STEPS.

Brownson has given us an account of his progress toward the true Faith in which we can easily trace the paths of the Light of Grace. Of this account, he himself said by way of introduction:

"In writing it, I have had occasion to review my whole past life, and to renew my thanks to Him who died that we might live, for having conducted me, after so many wanderings, from the abyss of doubt

and infidelity to the light and truth of His Gospel, in the bosom of His Church, where I find the peace and repose so long denied me." *The Convert*, p. 3, *Works*, V. 3.

Orestes A. Brownson was born in Vermont in 1803. He was brought up in New England Congregationalism. By the time he was eight years old, he had read the Sacred Scriptures entirely, and by fourteen he knew the greater part of them by heart.

"The simple history of the Passion of Our Lord," he says, "as I read it in the Evangelists, affected me deeply. I hung with delight on the mystery of the Redemption, and my young heart often burned with love to our Blessed Lord, who had been so good as to come into the world, and to submit to the most cruel death of the Cross that He might save us from our wicked dispositions, and make us happy forever in heaven."

Brownson was brought up among Congregationalists, but nothing was insisted on, and he practically believed nothing definite. Nor did he join any denomination, until later on he drifted to the Methodists. It was while going to the Methodist services, that he met an old lady, a Congregationalist, who said to him:

"My poor boy, God has been good to you, and has, no doubt, gracious designs over you * * * But go not with Methodists or any of the sects. They are new lights and not to be trusted. The Christian Religion is not new, and Christians have existed from the time of Christ. These new lights are of yesterday. You yourself know the founder of the Congregationalists, and I myself knew personally both George Whitfield and John Wesley, the founders of Methodism. Neither can be right for they came too late and have broken off, separated from the body of Christians which existed before. When you join any body calling itself a Christian body, find out whether it began with Christ and His Apostles, and has continued to subsist the same without change of doctrine or worship down to our times. If so, there is the true religion. Join it, obey it, and you will find rest and salvation."

This advice from a Protestant lady came back to him often in later life.

PRESBYTERIAN.

"After I was fourteen years of age," he writes, describing the next few years of his career, "I was thrown upon a new world, into the

midst of new and strange scenes, and exposed to new and corrupting influences. I fell in with new sectaries,—universalists, deists, atheists, and men who profess no religion. But my young head became con-

Still, the deep religious convictions of his childhood again asserted themselves, and he turned to Presbyterianism.

They put the Presbyterian Confession of Faith into his hands and this is what, according to his words, they told him:

"We do not ask you to take this book as your creed; we do not give you this as a summary of what you most hold, but as an excellent summary of the doctrine which we believe the Scripture teach. What you are to believe is the Bible. You must take the Bible as your creed and read it with a prayerful mind, begging the Holy Ghost to aid you to understand it aright. Your own private judgment is your guide."

A few days later he returned to the minister. He said he believed the Bible said so and so. The minister said that his idea did not agree with Presbyterian doctrine, and if he wanted to hold it, he fused with the contradictory opinions I heard advanced, and for a time I half persuaded myself that all religion was a delusion." could not be a Presbyterian.

"But," said Brownson, "You say private judgment is to be our guide, and if I use private judgment you put me out as a heretic * * * This is unjust * * * If you claim authority over my faith, tell me what I must believe and do not throw upon me the labor and responsibility of forming a creed for myself; if you do not claim authority, if you send me to the Bible as all sufficient and my private judgment to find out the Faith of Christ the best way I can, then, do not hold me obliged to conform to your standards or condemn me if I differ."

It was this that made him see the insufficiency of the Presbyterian position. He recalled the counsel of his old Congregationalist friend: Go not after new lights!

"Are not the Presbyterians new lights," he argued, "just as well as the Methodists and Congregationalists? If Our Lord founded a Church, it must go back to his own time, and come down to us in unbroken succession from the Apostles. But the Presbyterian church is a recently formed body, hardly three hundred years old. It was founded in Scotland by John Knox and other men who had been Catholics, and who had denied the Faith in which they had been

reared. Why did they desert it? Did they have a warrant from God? or did they act on their own responsibility? If from God, where is the proof? If on their own authority, then, were they infallible? If they had a right to break from the Catholic Church just on their own private understanding of Scripture, why have I not a right to break from the Presbyterian church and follow my own understanding and set up a church of my own?"

What was he to do? He had never met a Catholic; he had been taught to hate them. The Catholic Church had always been represented to him as everything vile, base, odious and demoralizing.

"I should rather," he says, "become a Jew, Mohammedan or Buddhist."

What then was he to do? The Protestant churches he found, were all new lights; were of yesterday; founded by fallible men; without any warrant from God; all disagreeing among themselves. So he concluded: since I cannot be a Catholic, I must be a no-church man.

(To be continued.)

SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

The modern scantiness of girl's dress must not be blamed altogether on depraved ideas, the bad example of mother and grandmother,—but principally on the desires of men and women at large.

Go to any social gathering: who is the popular belle? The modestly dressed and well-behaved maiden? No. The over-painted, half-dressed female is the goddess in the eyes of the men, and a thing of envy in the eyes of the women.

If men of all ages and of every rank would show themselves attractive and pleased by modesty in dress and purity of manner in the women, the abuse would disappear. Imagine how long a girl would paint and go half-attired if by so doing she would lose all her male friends.

During the past scholastic year at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, there was a twenty percent increase over the preceding year in the number of Holy Communion received by the students. According to figures made public by the Prefect of Religion, the total number of communions received was 119,381,—a daily average of 486,—or 100 Communion a year for every Catholic student residing on the campus. Attendance at daily Mass is not obligatory on the students.

The Disillusionment of Uncle Stanhope

CHAPTER IX. HERRICK'S DANCE

W. T. BOND, C. SS. R.

Never dawned a day more beautiful in the Southland than the Thursday of Herrick's party. The sun rose into the sky mottled with fleecy clouds which blushed at the coming of their king. The air tang of autumn, and in the woods great clusters of grapes and muscadines hung from the swinging vines, and on every side could be heard the barking of squirrels and the whir of partridge wings. Occasionally a distant shot would ring out, and afar off the baying of hounds. As the day advanced the clouds were swallowed up into a sky as blue as the Mediterranean, and on the far distant hills a light haze appeared that gave the world a fairy-like enchantment.

In many homes of Pulaski and the county active preparations were going forward; for a large number of invitations had been issued, and the Herrick parties were famous. Genuine southern hospitality was dispensed at their bountiful board. Then, as Patrick had cleverly remarked, Mrs. Herrick had several buxom lassies on the carpet, and four stalwart sons, and it was more than likely that she was fishing with a long line.

Be that as it may, the present party was by general consent out of the ordinary. A special orchestra had been engaged for the modern dances, and old Uncle Sam with his fiddle, a local celebrity was to be on hand for those whose taste or conscience led them to the Virginia-reel or cotillion.

About 4 P. M. Patrick in a seven passenger auto drove up to the Maloney home, and in a few moments the large trunk and hamper of lunch prepared by Catherine were securely strapped on. Isabelle occupied the seat in front, beside Patrick. The two boys, in their Sunday-best, were stowed away comfortably, and the machine dashed away. Jimmie Bilkins was immensely uncomfortable in his starched blouse with its wide stiff collar, and after the liberal application of soap and water and elbow grease his mother had given him, his face shone like polished mahogany. The roads were good and a half hour's drive brought them to a beautiful copse almost within stone's throw of Herrick's.

"Here," said Patrick, throwing on the brake, "we'll stay and enjoy ourselves until after sundown."

'Twas an ideal spot for a picnic lunch, a crystal spring bubbling out at the foot of an immense beech tree, which stretched out its enormous branches in every direction. The ground was covered with deep green moss, which made a luxurious carpet. Catherine unpacked her lunch and spread it out on a white cloth, and the boys scampered through the woods, soon returning with armfuls of dried wood with which they built a fire to make coffee and pancakes.

Patrick and Isabelle on alighting from the auto had seated themselves on a fallen log a little distance from the rest, not within earshot.

Said Patrick: "How many reels and cotillions are you going to give me, for, I presume you don't fox-trot?"

"That depends on how many you want," replied Isabelle. "True I don't fox-trot, as I promised on my first communion day never to dance round dances."

"You're just as well off," said Patrick looking at her approvingly. "I think you and my sisters are the only girls of my acquaintance who don't indulge. Well, may I claim you for at least two square dances? Not the first though, as I'm engaged to dance the first with Janice."

"Is that so?" she replied, bristling up a little, and giving him a quick glance. "You're a little previous."

"She made the engagement herself, the other day when I accompanied her to Pine Grove."

Patrick hastened to explain, as one scenting danger. "Of course, you know, I couldn't turn her down."

"Surely not," said Isabelle in a low voice, "No gentleman could do that. I'll give you one reel and one cotillion. Will that be enough? I don't expect to dance all the evening. It's very tiring. I suppose Mr. Butterworth will monopolize Janice, if a tithe of what I've heard is true."

"Butterworth!" exclaimed Patrick. "What have you heard?"

"Why, all the girls say, Janice is quite soft on him, if all outward signs don't fail," answered Isabelle. "And he seems quite infatuated. And he's going to bring her to the party tonight. You may see for yourself."

Isabelle watched him narrowly as she delivered this, not without some malice aforethought. What woman could resist such a tempta-

tion? But Patrick met her gaze unflinchingly. Not an eyelid fluttered.

"She has chosen a gallant knight," he said nonchalantly. "He's six foot, and solid as a bone, not a superfluous ounce. And the boys tell me he's an accomplished dancer. I'm only five foot ten, but I'll bet I can lay him on the mat."

"You have a good opinion of yourself," returned Isabelle laughing.

"Not without reason," retorted Patrick. "And I'll tell you. Last winter I befriended the little Jap at the Commonwealth Hamayata. Some rough boys were tormenting him and I dispersed them. I never saw anyone so grateful. You should have heard all the flowering titles he gave me. And to cap the climax he insisted on giving me lessons in jiu-jitsu. I was graduated just two weeks ago, and he guaranteed that I can down any man in the state, big or little. Look here," and unclasping his cuff, he bared his lower arm. The muscles stood out like knotted cords. "Press your finger against that," he continued! It was as hard as iron. "It may come in very handy in my new office. I may meet some desperate fellows."

"I wish you had stuck to your law," observed Isabelle, a little anxiously. "You can't whip men into good behavior."

"I know that," answered Patrick, "and I don't expect to. But I don't intend to abandon the law. All I know and more too, will come in handy. Up to this time I've heard of no crooked work going on in this county, and I don't expect any trouble at all."

"Don't be too sanguine," she replied. "We should all feel easier, if you were out of the possibility of danger."

"Thank you for your solicitude," said Patrick, smiling. "I'm sure it's gratifying to know that some one is worrying the least little but about you."

"Supper's now ready in the dining car," yelled Willie at this point, and all ranged themselves on the soft moss around the bounteous spread, which they attacked with sharp and vigorous appetites, with much laughter and joking.

Let us now hie away to another scene at Pine Grove. Supper had been set for five o'clock, and at half past four sharp, Buterworth in a grey negligè suit and wide brimmed felt hat dashed up in his light buggy, the wheels glittering in the evening sun. Janice tripped down the steps to meet him and point out the hitching tree in the side yard. Uncle Stanhope and Father Liscombe were on the front veranda

waiting supper, and you may be certain they followed Butterworth's movements with interested eyes, as they had always heard much of the young man, and his enterprise in regard to the "Native Products". Through the sprays of the snow-ball bushes they could see the young man spring out of the buggy and the warm hand-clasp, and hear Janice's words of welcome and bird-like laugh at Butterworth's remarks, as he busied himself with the care of his thoroughbred.

"Fine looking fellow!" said Uncle Stanhope in a low voice.

"Yes," answered Father Liscombe, "and all there. A regular athlete!"

"Fine horse, too!" continued Uncle Stanhope, "has good blood. Look at those flanks and hind legs. Good runner, I should judge."

By this time Janice and her cavalier were nearing the steps and Uncle Stanhope ever bubbling with hospitality, rose and advanced.

"Uncle Stanhope, let me present Mr. Butterworth," said Janice.

"Welcome to Pine Grove!" said the host. "Meet our chaplain, Father Liscombe."

The three men seated themselves, Butterworth with his right arm on the veranda rail, his small well formed hand hanging limply, his right leg crossed displaying an elegant dancing pump and lavender silk hose. They immediately plunged into a lively conversation, and Janice vanished through the open doorway!

"We were admiring your fine horse," said Uncle Stanhope. "Do you want to sell him?"

"No indeed," responded the visitor. "Money couldn't buy him."

"Money can buy almost anything," retorted the old man. "I'm sure if you were offered \$5,000 for him, you'd not refuse it."

Butterworth laughed. "Don't try me," he replied. "But he's not on the market."

"Can he run," asked Father Liscombe.

"He can simply fly," answered the young man enthusiastically.

"How old?" interrogated Uncle Stanhope.

"Just five," said Butterworth.

"You ought to enter him in the races next month," continued Uncle Stanhope. "Win a fine prize!"

"What races?" exclaimed Butterworth excitedly.

"At our county fair, Nov. 15—20. The prize is \$500, and the entry only \$25. The best horse gets it."

"Are there many outside horses?" he asked.

"Yess indeed," said Uncle Stanhope. "Two from Mississippi this year, one from Tennessee, two from Kentucky, fifteen entries altogether so far. I'm entering one of mine, 'Old tim'."

"How old is he?" asked Butterworth.

"About twelve."

"Twelve!" exclaimed Butterworth. "No horse of twelve years could win a race from Sultan."

Uncle Stanhope smiled as one who knows, who's "bin thar".

"All right," came back Stanhope banteringly, "enter your Sultan, and if he wins, you get the \$500, and the glory. Besides, you may scoop in a few thousand on private bets, if you have enough confidence in your horse."

Just then there was a swish of skirts at the door and Janice appeared, and what a vision! The men fairly gasped.

"I thought I'd let you get a peep at my party dress," she said dancing out before them. "Uncle Stanhope, do you think it too short?"

"Not a bit," he ejaculated, his face lighting up with genuine pleasure. "It's grand! Don't you think so, Father?" turning to the priest.

"It's beautiful," said Father Liscombe, "nice enough for a first communion dress, if those trimmings were only white."

Without any doubt the girl had produced an artistic and beautiful piece of work. The dress was made of cream-colored georgette, trimmed with rose buds. A delicate white fringe bound the bottom and the ends of the sleeves. It was cut V at the throat, and a delicate ruffle ran up and around, and within the V was a piece of old lace, delicately arranged. The skirt fell nearly to the ankles, and the sleeves almost to the wrist. On her feet was a pair of dark yellow satin dancing pumps.

"And how do you like it, sir?" smiling archly at Butterworth.

"I'm speechless with admiration," he ejaculated. "It's the proudest day of my life to lead such a lovely woman into a social gathering of the elite of Brandywine County."

"Well said, young man," said Uncle Stanhope. "Nature has given thee a facile tongue."

Butterworth bowed and Father Liscombe nodded his approval. For all that, neither Stanhope nor Father Liscombe had taken to Butterworth. Uncle Stanhope didn't like his restless dark eye, and

Father Liscombe thought he could discern in him a lack of sincerity,—that he was not what he seemed.

Janice reappeared in another dress in time for supper, and as they seated themselves she remarked: "You house folks will have to do the talking, and Mr. Butterworth and myself will do the listening and eating. We want to get a good start on our nine miles before the sun sets. Mr. Butterworth, have you room in your buggy for my box?"

"Plenty!" responded the young man. "I have my own suit under the seat, and unless it's a very large box, there's ample room."

So Uncle Stanhope and Father Liscombe kept the conversation quite lively with an occasional comment from Charlotte. The two young people listened and laughed at the jokes and droll stories. Finally Janice pushed back her plate and rose.

"Excuse me," she said, "but I must get ready for the road. Mr. Butterworth, please be ready to start in five minutes."

"That's the word with the bark in it," said Father Liscombe laughing.

"Very well," said Butterworth. "One more of these delicious biscuits and a little spoonful of these toothsome pear preserves will steady my nerves for the nine mile drive."

A few moments later when the pair went out the front door, Janice wrapped in a waterproof mantle, carrying a large pasteboard box, Uncle Stanhope called out to them: "Be careful about the quicksand below the ford."

"Oh, I know it," called back Butterworth. A moment later the three older persons, still at table, heard the whir of wheels as the buggy dashed away towards Clark's Creek one mile. Before descending the somewhat steep hill leading to the ford, Butterworth jumped out and loosened the check-rein, so that Sultain could take a drink of the cool running water. As they drove in the sun was just dropping below the western horizon, and his rays colored the clear western sky with an indescribable amber light, which was reflected on the water and from every tree and bush. The water was not more than knee deep and struck the buggy wheels about half way to the hub. The horse drank eagerly and long, and the two sat there in silence looking at the sky, thinking their own thoughts, when suddenly Janice exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Butterworth, we're sinking! The water is already up to

the hub. Look here! You drove in below the ford. How stupid of me, and Uncle Stanhope warned us!"

Butterworth realized the danger, and drawing the reins taut, he yelled sharply to the horse: "Get up, Sultan!" The horse snorted and struggled to draw up its feet, but it was impossible. He seemed to be weighed down with lead. "Get up!" he yelled again and the whip descended on the horse's back. Under the lash Sultan made a spring and by a supreme effort finally extricated himself. But do what he would, he could not budge the buggy, which had settled at least a foot in the shifting sands.

"There's no help for it," ejaculated Butterworth. "I must get out." And out he jumped in his dancing pumps and lavender sox, knee-deep. "Get up, Sultan!" he yelled, but the buggy remained immovable and he himself felt his feet sinking into the sand.

"Keep moving," cried Janice, "so that you can't sink."

"I know it," he replied, "I've been there before." He kept moving around and coaxing and trying to lead the horse, whose frantic efforts failed to move the buggy even an inch.

"I'm sorry, Miss Dangerfield," said the man, "but there's no other way. You'll have to jump out. But go at once to the solid bottom. Don't stay here. I'll get out of this alone."

And he muttered a curse under his breath. Janice sprang out nimbly enough, but she uttered a groan as her beautiful satin pumps struck the water. She was soon on the solid sand about twenty feet away, while Butterworth, with sundry unmentionable ejaculations, got behind the buggy and drawing the reins over the seat, and putting his shoulder to the body, began lifting and shouting at the horse which made every effort and after a little the buggy began to move slowly and then with a jerk was extricated and in another moment was on solid bottom. But, in lifting, Butterworth had driven his own foot away into the quicksand, and in the get-away had left his beautiful pumps six inches below.

"All for not listening to an old man's warning!" he said laughing, as they waded together to the opposite bank.

"And my beautiful satin slippers!" wailed Janice.

"I'm worse off!" exclaimed the young man. "Mine are gone altogether."

"No use crying over spilt milk," he said with affected cheerfulness. "Jump in and let's be off."

The sun was now down some minutes and darkness descending visibly, but when they reached the top of the long, sandy hill, Butterworth let the thoroughbred out and they fairly flew through the night.

The Herrick mansion was ablaze with light, and the level velvety lawn hung with lanterns and lit by flambeaux, was already the scene of great animation, as the guests after arranging their finery promenaded from place to place, greeting friends and arranging their program for the evening. Beautiful souvenir programs were handed to everyone on arrival, and they were entering the names of their partners for the twenty dances. The round dances were to take place in the drawing room, parlor and wide porches. The orchestra had been located in the hallway, where it could be easily heard, while Uncle Sam with his fiddle on a raised platform, was to dispense sweet music of the reels and cotillions on the lawn of Kentucky blue grass, as thick and soft as any rug of Kurdistan.

"Lend me a pair of shoes!" was Butterworth's greeting to Bob Herrick. Janice had already sought the kitchen stove to dry out her satin pumps and stockings.

"What size" answer Bob.

"Sixes," said Butterworth.

"Nothing doing" said his host laughing, "all of us boys wear eights and nines. Hold on," he said on second thought, "mother wears sixes. I'll get you a pair of hers."

So butterworth danced away the night in Mrs. Herrick's shoes. Both he and Patrick were bitterly disappointed, as Janice couldn't be ready for the 'grand march' or the first dance. Patrick was as mad as a march hare.

(To be continued.)

Figures show the great need of missionaries in the Philippine Islands. Manila has a Catholic population of 1,976,203. It has 193 diocesan priests, and 126 priests belonging to religious orders. It has 156 parishes with resident priests, and 33 parishes without priests. In the islands, the parish and city are synonymous, and there are towns of 20,000,—30,000,—even 50,000 people, all Catholic, with only one priest. Manila has 59 colleges, academies and schools, with an enrollment of 15,300 students.

Catholic Anecdotes

AN ALTAR BOY CALLS ON A BISHOP.

Once an altar boy was invited to call on the Bishop, who was a very kind man. The little boy felt afraid and embarrassed, not knowing how to act or what to say. Carefully, very carefully, he brushed his clothes and polished his shoes, and took good care not to soil them on the way. The bishop received him very kindly, and noticing how clean he had kept his shoes, said to him: "Why, my dear boy, how could you keep your shoes so clean when the roads are so muddy?"

"Oh, I was very careful to pick my way."

"But this morning your shoes were soiled when you served Mass."

"Yes, but I did not know that the Bishop would be there, or I would have cleaned them before."

"And do you know, my dear boy, that when you serve Mass you are before a greater Lord than I am, before God Himself, surrounded by thousands of angels; why then did you not have your shoes in good condition?"

The little boy burst into tears, but he ever after that appeared about the altar with well-kept shoes, clean hands and face, and neatly brushed hair, showing how well he had profited by the bishop's remarks.

"DIVERSE MANNERS."

There is at Larnay, near Poitiers, a young girl, deaf, blind and dumb from her birth, who consequently had never registered in her brain any notion of the external world, and who had lived an entirely animal life, isolated in black night and perpetual silence.

A nun undertook the mad task of entering into communication with this "Soul in Prison"; to bring down a ray of light into the depth of

this wretchedness, to instruct this imprisoned mind, through the thick walls of her dungeon, whose door was never opened. By a prodigy of ingenious and patient charity, she succeeded to such a degree that Marie Heurtin possesses today an intellectual culture which might fill with envy the best pupils in our schools.

This history has been written: it is worth reading.

Marie Heurtin cannot, since she is blind, read on the lips, like the deaf, nor follow with her eyes the mimicry of the dumb, but she reads the raised writing of the blind; she speaks the dumb language, and at a bewildering speed. She has her own original manner of delivering a public lecture. With the left hand she follows the story in the book; with the other she translates it word by word to her companions.

Smiling, alert, her hands in the hands of her little friend Anne Marie Poquet, infirm like her, she prattles gaily, without any sound of words.

When two dumb persons talk among themselves, without troubling about discretion, she delicately places her hands on the agitating fingers, seizes the signs of their passage, and throws herself smiling into the discussion.

I have seen her, with her fingers placed lightly before the mouth of Sister Marguerite, gather, by the touch on the lips and the tongue, every word as quickly as it is pronounced, in the course of a conversation the Sister was having with me.

And how suggestive is the scene at Larnay. One who can see reads slowly, aloud, with pauses, from a book; another, blind, the ear attentive, sends the phrases by signs to a deaf mute, who repeats them in the hands of Marie Heurtin, as on a key board; and this thought which she has received in her hands, Marie Heurtin registers, in Braille writing, on sheets of paper, from the library of the blind.

Let us stay a moment at this spectacle; let us follow the word in its evolutions, and count the stages one by one.

The thought conceived one day in the brain of the author, doubtless spoken by him, written by his hand, set up by compositors, printed and multiplied by the press, extracted from the books by the eyes of the reader, became again sound and voice on her lips, registered by the ears of the blind girl and copied by her fingers, taken up by the eyes of the deaf mute, deposited in the hands of Marie Heurtin, picked out by her with a needle on the paper, where some delicate movements of blind persons hands will come to gather it—this thought has

not varied, it has lost nothing. The sign has changed twenty times; twenty times it has changed its form; but these changes have not affected it. Whether one seizes it in the mind, on the lips or from the pen of the author, from the press or the paper at the printing works, in the eyes of the deaf girl, in the ears of the blind girl, from the fingers of the mute, or in the hands of Marie Heurtin, it is always substantially the same.

If then the word of man bends itself so easily to these multifarious adaptations, if it can submit with impunity to such metamorphoses, and find itself always identical with itself without loss or deformity, how can we contest the mysteries of the World of God in the Trinity, the Incarnation and the Eucharist? And, without denying herself, how can reason refuse on the grounds of improbability, the humble confession: "I believe and I adore."

ALL HE ASKED

Saints are—despite what the world may say or think of them—the happiest people on earth. They were far from being the gloom-dispensers we often imagine them to have been.

St. Philip Neri, for instance, could not bear to see any of his young disciples in low spirits; he said that long experience had taught him that in spiritual matters, cheerful men were much more easy to guide than melancholy.

Naturally children gathered around him. He let them make what noise they pleased even close to his room; and when some of the Fathers complained of their want of discretion and the youths told Philip of it, he answered:

"Let them talk; go on with your play and be merry; all I want of you is to keep out of the way of sin."

A certain Roman gentleman, who often went to visit the saint, wondering at the uproar the young men made, asked:

"How can you bear the racket these young people are making?"

"So long as they do not sin," replied the saint, "they may chop firewood on my back."

The trail of the serpent is not over all happiness here below, thank God!

Pointed Paragraphs

THE ONE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

"Without work," said Cardinal Gibbons, shortly before his death, "no amount of talent, no amount of influence will carry a man very far in this world. I am amazed at the point of view of some modern young men. They look at the successful men of the day as if they supposed success to be an easy matter—giving rich gifts and requiring little in return. I wonder what they would think if they could see the average day's program of one of the men they envy.

Theodore Roosevelt, for many years my friend, left a correspondence that of itself involved more work than an average man does in his active life, yet it represented only a small part of his activities.

The higher men climb, the longer their working day. Any young man with a streak of idleness in him, might better make up his mind at the beginning that mediocrity is going to be his lot. Without immense, sustained effort, he will not climb high."

OUR ACCUSERS.

F. Brunetiere the distinguished French writer and convert summed up a brilliant defence of the Church in these words:

"Who, then, are they who reproach religion with being too wearisome. Those who do not practice it. Who are they who reproach the Church for exacting faith in her revealed doctrines? Those who believe in the worst fooleries and in the most absurd superstitions.

"Who are they who reproach the Church for not recognizing the dignity of men? Those who claim the monkey for their father, chance for their master, pleasure for their law, annihilation for their end:

"Who are they who upbraid the Church with being a religion of money? Those who despoil her of her goods with the utmost cynicism.

"Who are they who accuse the Church of being intolerant? Those who cannot allow any one to hold an opinion differing from their own.

"Who are they who charge the Church with being an enemy to light? Those who, despairing liberty, have closed the Catholic schools and driven out the nuns and the religious teachers.

"Who are they who reproach the Church with being the enemy of the people? Those who, ignorant of history, are persecuting the charitable institutions established by religion (hospitals, creches, workshops, etc.).

"Who are they who indulge with the utmost audacity in violent teachings? Those who know nothing whatever of religion or of what its precepts require.

"We are not afraid then, either of the number or of the fury of those who attack us, and dare rather to congratulate ourselves. They know what they are doing, and that we are what the world calls 'a force'. Their anger is aroused by the knowledge that they are able neither to slight, nor to despise, nor, above all, to hurt us.

"We overawe them by our number, our doctrine, our ideas, the progress we are continually making, the fear they have that we shall achieve even greater things, by our confidence and our hopes. Out of reach as we are of their anger, it is their indifference that we have to dread.

Born under persecution, growing up amidst heresies, strengthened by controversies, if the Church had no longer adversaries we would need to despair of the promises of her Founder. But as long as struggle and opposition continue, she will live.

REFORM YOURSELF

"Son, when I was your age, I was a better boy than you are."

"Father, when you were my age, you had a better father than I have."

The answer was saucy and irreverent, yet from it we can glean wisdom. Why is religious education so often without fruit? Why is the labor of teachers and pastors so often in vain? Because the children behold their parents and elders neglecting their religious duties and living contrary to the moral law.

Sons and daughters imitate the example of parents and elders; and the bad example of father, mother, grandparents and elders,

teaches evil more strongly than saints and angels could teach religion and morality.

Reform, uplift, improve, if you will; but reform also the older generation if you wish to have lasting success in the reformation of the younger.

TO A LITTLE GIRL AND SOME OLDER ONES.

The following letter was written by the celebrated Father Faber to a little girl of seven, who wished to be a nun. The little girl was Lady Minna Howard, daughter of the fourteenth Duke of Norfolk. She later became a Carmelite.

The Oratory, London.

Feast of St. Nicholas, 1850.

My dearest Minna:—So you are seven years old, and you have made up your mind to become a nun! Well, now, what must you do? Must you put on a strange dress, and cut off your hair, and go into a convent, and live a hard life? No, not just yet. By and by, with our dearest Lady's blessing, it may be so. "But, then," as you always, always say,—“but, then, I can not wait so many, many years.” Well, Sister Minna of the Infant Jesus, you need not wait: I will tell you how to be a nun at once, directly, in the Hotel Bellevue, and with the consent of mamma and papa. Now I am sure this will both please and surprise you, and it will make V. open her eyes, and noisy M. be quiet.

“How am I to be a nun directly?” Sister Minna! Sister Minna! What is it to be a nun? Listen. To be a nun is to love no one else but Jesus, and to love Him always, and very much; and to love everybody else, papa, mamma, sisters, brothers, Fr. Wilfred, and all the world, because Jesus loves them so much. This is being a nun. When Sister Minna does not do what she is told or does it complainingly, then she is not a nun. When Sister Minna says an angry word, then she is not a nun. But when Sister Minna loves Jesus, oh, so much, so very, very much; and when she is always asking her dear Mother in heaven to make her love Jesus more and more, then she is a nun,—a real, real nun. So you see you can be a nun whenever you like. O dear! how many question this letter will make you ask!

And now good-bye, dearest Minna! I pray the dear little Jesus in

Mary's arms to take care of you,—the dear little Jesus, who is the great God, for all He is so little. O Minna, if the huge God could love you and me so much that He could become a little baby (helpless as Ethel was) for you and me, why do we not both love Him ten hundred thousand million times more than we do? Get an answer ready for that question, Minna!

Yours most affectionately,

F. W. FABER.

IN THE CLEARING.

So much interest has centered recently around Napoleon, whose centenary was celebrated lately with great pomp, that the following account of his last hours may be appreciated.

He was busy with empires during life; he seems at least to have realized that there is a Kingdom of God far more worth winning.

Napoleon died on the island of St. Helena on May 6, 1821. General Montholon reports the following regarding the last moments of the emperor:

"After having received Extreme Unction, Napoleon said to me:

'I am perfectly happy now, since I have complied with my religious duties. I wish you the same happiness, general, when you come to die. I was in need of it, for I am an Italian, a son of Corsica. As emperor, I did not pay much attention to the practice of religion; power stupefies a person. But I always had faith; the sound of church-bells made my heart rejoice, and at the sight of a priest I was always touched. I tried to conceal these emotions, but that is my weakness. I will give the honor to God. General, give orders that an altar be erected in the adjoining room and the Blessed Sacrament exposed. It is not likely that God will restore my health; nevertheless, I will ask Him to do so. Have the devotion of the Forty Hours prayed.'

Then correcting himself, the emperor said:

'No—why should I place this responsibility upon you? It would appear that you had ordered things to be done this way. I will give the orders myself!'

No crime is so great in envy's eyes as success.—Churchill.

Catholic Events

(All events chronicled are reported by the N. C. W. C. News Service.)

The Holy Father's letter asking the various governments to aid the starving Russians, has been most favorably received by the public press and the diplomatic corps, Cardinal Gasparri having communicated it to the ambassadors and ministers at the Vatican. Representatives to the Holy See have been instructed to communicate it to the governments to which they are accredited.

* * *

The following prayer was prepared by Pope Benedict XV and offered in all the churches of Italy for the cessation of civil war:

"Grant Thy pardon! With broken hearts we cling to thy altars imploring pity. Men of the same family are killing each other in the party strife. This land which is the cradle of all kindness is becoming a bloody field of civil war. Teach those to embrace who are not enemies but brothers. Make them lay down their bloody arms repeating a prayer to the Father in heaven, whose Son opened His Heart to His murderers.

* * *

According to an announcement from the monastery of Lisieux, the Pope has proclaimed the heroicity of the virtues of Sister Therese of the Child Jesus, known as "The Little Flower". Henceforth she has the title of "Venerable".

* * *

A rousing reception was given Msgr. Cerretti on his arrival in France as Papal Nuncio. He was welcomed at the station by delegates from the government and the Hierarchy and many notable citizens, including representatives of President Millerand. The appointment of a special General Secretariate for religious affairs is expected to be one of the first results of his coming. Secretary of the Interior Colrat is spoken of for the post.

* * *

Prince Hirohito, heir to the Japanese throne, on the eve of his deparature from Rome, has sent the Holy Father a message of cordial thanks and well wishes: "On leaving Rome, the center of Catholicism, I thank your Holiness repeatedly in my own name and on behalf of Prince Kanin, for the cordial reception given us yesterday. I wish Your Holiness a glorious reign."

* * *

For several weeks a topic of deepest interest not only to Italian Catholics, but to Catholics in all parts of the world, has been the principal subject of discussion in the Italian newspapers. This is what is known as "The Roman Question", the question of the liberty and independence of the Holy See. The first paper to rouse the question was the "Messagero", a Roman journal of the Democratic Party,

well-known for its anti-clerical tendencies. It reached Parliament and was favorably commented on by parties otherwise unfriendly to Catholics.

* * *

Missouri celebrated the hundredth anniversary of its admission into the Union as a State by a series of exercises from Aug. 8 to 20. They brought out the rich Catholic traditions that surround the beginnings of the State: the heroic missionary labors of Marquette, Joliet, La Salle, Pierre La Clede, Alexander McNair, the first Governor,—all Catholics.

* * *

The Catholic Central Society's 65th National Convention at Fort Wayne was most successful. Among the resolutions adopted were: A recommendation that the society use its influence to promote the cause of Catholic Education, and that parents be particularly urged to send their children where training for the professions is given; a protest against the practice of Bible reading in the State institutions of learning; a recommendation that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope be maintained, at least over enough territory to ensure the independence of the Holy Father; an appeal for a national organization of representatives of Catholic orphanages similar to the Catholic Hospital Association; an expression of approval at the action taken by the Catholic University of Milan in attempting to establish an exchange of Students with American Catholic Universities. The Smith-Towner Bill and its successor, now before Congress, and the Shepard-Towner Bill were disapproved by the Convention.

* * *

With 100 delegates from 25 clubs from 6 States in attendance, the 47th annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union was concluded Aug. 7, at Atlantic City. National President Slattery was re-elected.

* * *

Rev. William J. Batt, Protestant chaplain-emeritus of the State Reformatory at Concord, Mass., made the following statement:

"If anyone will come to the Concord Prison of a Sunday morning, a little before 8:30 o'clock, I am sure he may be deeply impressed by the religious service at that hour. And if he were to visit other ordinary prison services elsewhere, I am confident that this one would remain with him as a special memory. The service that I speak of is a Catholic service. A part of our prisoners are nominally Catholic. Father Crow, of pleasant memory, used to say of them, 'you are not good Catholics or you would not be here.' After all is said that reformers wish to say, there is nothing so likely to rehabilitate the prisoner as Religion. Merely formal services and mere functionaries, of whatever imposing names, are of small account indeed in a prison. The worst jails anywhere sometimes have abundance of such trumpery."

So impressed was this Protestant chaplain with the Catholic services that he has urged authorities to have as many prisoners as possible transferred to this place.

Mayor Moore of Philadelphia has ordered Director of Public Safety Cortelyou to assign a detective to investigate the activities of the Ku Klux Klan, which has recently opened headquarters in that city.

Grand Dragon Bruce Craven of Trinidad, N. C., declared the order of the Ku Klux Klan, "of which I am the supreme head in this State," disbanded and abandoned. He asserted the order was nothing more than "an organization engaged exclusively in collecting initiation fees under false pretenses, without any legal standing in the State", and in his opinion "a failure and a fraud".

The Christian Advocate (Protestant) of New York, in refusing to print an article in defense of the Ku Klux Klan, declares "that it has no space for the defense of a secret league which professes to take the law into its own hands and uses terror to accomplish its ends."

A statement was made public that the "Ku Klux Klan is against certain faiths".

* * *

Cardinal Gasquet announced to the Cambridge Bible Congress that several American Bishops have promised to send him a yearly contribution to aid him in carrying on the work of the Vatican Commission for the revision of the Vulgate. "It may be useful at the outset to state," declared His Eminence, "that the purpose of the commission is not to produce a new Latin Bible, which, when completed would be proposed for the approbation of the Church, as its authentic version of the Latin Scriptures. It is to determine as accurately as possible the text of St. Jerome's translation as he made it in the 4th century."

* * *

Members of the Catholic Order of Foresters, 160,000 strong, were called upon to make a voluntary offering of fifty cents each toward the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, following an eloquent address made by the Rev. Bernard McKenna, D. D., at the convention of that body in Milwaukee, on Aug. 15.

* * *

Because of a shortage of ministers of nearly all the Protestant denominations in New England, the use of lay preachers may be resorted to. Only the Methodists report no difficulty in filling pulpits this summer. The Baptists have resorted to double pastorates, and in some places the Baptist congregations have consolidated with other denominations. Episcopal, Congregational and Unitarian churches all report shortages.

* * *

The death of the Rt. Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, D. D., Bishop of the diocese of Brooklyn, occurred Aug. 19, at the convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Bishop McDonnell was 67 years of age. He was ordained in 1878, and consecrated in 1892.

* * *

John McCormack, the world-famous singer, has received through His Eminence Cardinal Dougherty, the official brief from the Vatican, elevating him to the distinguished rank of Commander of the Order of St. Gregory.

—THE— Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address)

Is it true that all the greatest theologians hold that more souls will be saved than lost?

I. Note that the question is an open question.

a) O. Lord said nothing definite and clear about it. Proof sufficient is the discussion of all the texts alleged by theologians. cf. Dictionnaire de Theologie Catholique, "Elus," A. Michel.

Father Faber says: "You are asking what we think or one of God's secrets, a secret which He has reserved to himself. It is one of those questions in which we may venture reverently to inquire in the hope of finding fresh traces of His omnipresent love: but for no other reason than this. But we must remember that we can decide nothing. After all our surmises, inferences and guesses, the truth remains as it was before, hidden with God." Creator and Creature, Bk. III, ch. II, p. 298.

b) The church has made no decision and probably never will, since the matter regards faith and morals only remotely and indirectly. She may decide that some book regarding it is inopportune or injudicious, and this she has done. *ibidem*.

Petit Bornand (Eudes Franciscaines, 1906) concludes: "The question remains open and everyone recognizes that it may be mooted since neither the scriptures nor tradition are sufficiently explicit, and the church has made no pronouncement."

II. Consequently it is not strange that theologians should differ in their conclusions.

III. Hence it would be difficult, to my mind rather untrue, to say that all the greatest theologians hold that more souls will be saved than lost. Father Faber, who discusses the question at length in his book: Creator and Creature, already cited, and who maintains th milder view, nevertheless admits that "the authority of theologians, so far as there can be any authority in a question of this nature, is upon the

whole, though not greatly on the other side."

If there will be only heaven and hell after the last judgment, where will all the unbaptized infants go?

I. Terms:

a) The term "heaven" as applied to next-world state is always taken to mean the place in which the saints dwell and enjoy beatific vision. The joy of beatific vision is the essence of heaven and everything that is not that, is, in a sense, hell.

b) The term "hell" is taken in a broader and stricter sense. Thus in the Creed: "Christ descended into hell." Now it is clear that "hell" here does not mean the place where the damned sojourn and suffer. It refers to the place of detainment in which souls abide, who died before Our Lord's redemptive work was accomplished. This place is more strictly called: Limbo of the Fathers. In this sense the place where the infants dying without baptism remain is called "Hell", though it is more precisely called: "Limbo of the Infants"

Hence we see that every place or condition in the next world where Beatific Vision is not enjoyed may be called "Hell", in a wide sense. Only that place where those who die in grievous sin suffer privation of beatific vision and the punishment of personal sin is called hell in the strict sense.

II. To answer your question then:

If you take the term hell in its strict sense, we can say there is, besides heaven and hell, a third place ordinarily called Limbo. This is a place, according to the inferences of theologians, in which unbaptized infants, while not enjoying beatific vision, will yet enjoy natural happiness.

If you take the term hell in the broad sense—of every next-world condition which is not lighted up by the vision of God,—then there are only two next world conditions or places. When preaching to adults, we speak in a practical way: as far as they are concerned, there are only two places.

Some Good Books

Illustrated Compendium of the Life of the Venerable Anthony M. Claret. By Rev. Eugene Sugranes, C. M. F.

This paper covered book of 110 pages is a golden jubilee souvenir (1870-1920) of the Venerable Anthony Claret, Archbishop and Founder of the Missionary Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Its purpose is to acquaint English speaking people with the wonderful deeds of this pious and learned Spanish prelate, who for a time was Archbishop of the archdiocese of Santiago in Cuba.

This book is well illustrated and highly interesting, though the language here and there is not quite idiomatic. No charge is made for the book, still any offerings to help defray the expenses entailed by the cause of his beatification will be "cheerfully received and gratefully acknowledged". Donations may be sent to the Very Rev. D. Zaldivar, San Fernando Cathedral, San Antonio, Texas.

The Pauline Pistis-Hypostasis according to Hebrews XI. 1. An Historico-Exegetical Investigation. By the Rev. Michael Ambrose Mathis, S. S. C. S. T. L.

A study of this little book must fill the attentive student with admiration for the work done at our Catholic University at Washington. The purpose of the book is precisely defined in the Introduction: to find the meaning of the one word "Hypostasis" in Heb. XI. 1. An enormous mass of pertinent material is accumulated, thoroughly sifted and a rich harvest of scholarly truth garnered.

In Part I, the historical section, the text itself and the interpretations given are reviewed.

In Part II the exegetical problem is. It is a veritable paradise of intellectual delight for the scholar.

It will serve well for the student, to give him an idea of the method to be followed and care to be taken in the pursuit of special studies. It will be a great help to professors and be welcomed by all interested in deeper theological and scriptural questions.

History of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati. By Rev. John H. Lamott, S. T. D. Published by Frederick Pustet Co.

At the request of Most Reverend Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati, Dr. Lamott, of the diocesan seminary, undertook to write the history of the archdiocese. The occasion was the commemoration of the centenary of the establishment of the diocese of Cincinnati (1821-1921).

The book is a splendid contribution to the general history of the Church in the United States. The Reverend author has cleverly grouped the various salient happenings which occurred in the diocese in three comprehensive divisions—chronological, geographical, and educational. To this triple consideration has been prefixed a preliminary study of the beginnings of Catholicity in the diocese.

Special attention has been given to what has been called the Purcell Failure, that is, the unfortunate financial embarrassment which occurred under the regime of Archbishop Purcell. The episode is reviewed in the most tactful manner, the case is stated clearly and frankly, yet so that persons of unbiased mind will refrain from harshly censuring the zealous and well-meaning Purcell.

The Teaching of Religion. By Rev. Roderick MacEachen, D. D. Published by the Macmillan Co., New York.

Religion: First Course. (Same author and publisher).

Religion: First Manual. (Same author and publisher.)

We can merely call the attention of our readers to these initial volumes of a complete Course of Instruction in Religion. The *Teaching of Religion* presents the teacher of Religion with fundamental psychological and pedagogical principles. *Religion: First Course* may be called a primer of Religion, while *Religion: First Manual* offers the teacher a wealth of detail to facilitate the explanation of the First Course.

Lucid Intervals

Frank Mayo did not know that the new waiter at the University City cafe was hard of hearing.

"Bring me a straw for the ice tea," he said.

"Hey?" from the waiter.

"No," answered Mayo, "straw."

Tramp—"Madam, I was at the front —"

Kind-hearted Lady—"My poor man. Another victim of that terrible war. Here's a dollar. Tell me how you got into these straits."

Tramp—"I was going to say that I was at the front door an' nobody answered, so I came around to the back. Thankee, mum."

"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise, such as a cat on the back fence, for instance."

"This powder will be effective," replied the physician, after compounding a prescription.

"When do I take it, doctor?"

"You don't take it. You give it to the cat in some milk."

"I do hope that when I am able to vote," said the pretty young wife, "I will be as influential in politics as my husband."

"How is that?" asked her friend.

"Why, he has voted in two Presidential elections, and both times his choice was elected."

"Where's Jimmy?" asked the head of the house, coming home from work.

"He was very naughty," replied his wife. "I sent him to bed for swearing."

"Swearing?" roared the indignant father. "I'll teach him to swear!" and he rushed up-stairs. For some minutes the indignant parental voice resounded through the house, and then Jimmy's mother called:

"John, dear. I'm sure Jimmy has heard enough for the first lesson."

From a story in the *Saturday Evening Post*: "There are any number of

men who have signed their death warrants with one hand while looking into the eyes of a beautiful woman with the other." This delightful mixture of metaphors reminds us of what an old friend of ours, a Benedictine monk in Louisiana, told us two or three winters ago. "I am standing with one foot in the grave," he said, "but with the other I still have many irons in the fire."

Citizen—Judge, I'm too sick to do jury duty; I've got a bad case of the itch.

Judge—Excuse accepted. Clerk, just scratch that man out!—*Cornell Widow*.

"And whom did you vote for, Miss Sophy?"

"Well, you see, the Republican was simply stunning good-looking. But the Democrat had always been perfectly splendid to his family, so I marked both ballots, closed my eyes, shuffled them, put one in the box and tore up the other. Nothing could be fairer than that."

"A beautiful lady lawyer to defend a beautiful client. What chance have we to win this case?"

"Can't we get a few homely ladies on the jury?"

Mr. Jones—"Can't I ever induce you to stop wearing your hair over your ears?"

Mrs. Jones—"Oh yes; by buying me diamond earrings."

They were going home from school.

"Teacher said that that that that girl used was superfluous."

"Here's the first pupil from my stammering school, said the business man as he introduced himself.

Artist (in desperation)—"That, sir, I consider the finest in my exhibition. You can have it for half the catalog price."

The Visitor—"Bless my soul! You don't say so. By the way, what is the price of the catalog?"

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the courses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by these students after they have become priests.

Burse of St. Alphonsus (St. Alphonsus Parish, New Orleans, La.)	\$3,502.46
Burse of St. Mary (St. Mary's Parish, New Orleans, La.) ..	2,052.27
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.)	492.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and St. Alphonsus (Fresno, Cal.)	1,258.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Kansas City, Mo.) ..	1,057.00

* * *

Burse in Memory of Father Brown.....	\$3,898.00
Burse of St. Joseph.....	577.00
Burse of St. Francis Assisi.....	1,007.50
Burse of the Little Flower.....	2,402.00
Burse of St. Thomas the Apostle.....	201.00
Burse of St. Jude.....	221.00
Burse of St. Rita.....	306.00
Burse of St. Anne.....	152.60
Burse of St. Gerard.....	518.00
Burse of Sacred Heart.....	137.00

Books

For Home, School, and Parish Libraries

BIRD-A-LEA

By Clementia

Price, postpaid, \$1.50

FATHER TIM'S TALKS

By Rev. C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.

Vol. I. postpaid \$1.10

Vol. II. postpaid \$0.85

Vol. III postpaid \$1.60

All three for - - \$3.50

THE BLACK CARDINAL

By John Talbot Smith

Price, postpaid, \$1.85

A novel that will interest every reader

JESUS CHRIST: HIS LIFE, HIS PASSION, HIS TRIUMPH.

By A. Berthe, C. Ss. R.
Transl. by F. Girardey, C. Ss. R.

Price, postpaid, \$1.85

THE GREATER LOVE

By Chapl. Geo. McCarthy

Price, postpaid, \$1.50

THE BOY WHO LOOKED AHEAD

By John Talbot Smith

A Live New Story For Boys

Price, \$1.50, postpaid

CATHOLIC PROBLEMS IN WESTERN CANADA

By George T. Daly, C. Ss. R.

Price, postpaid, \$2.50

A MILL TOWN PASTOR

By Joseph Conroy, S. J.

Price, postpaid, \$1.90

Better than a novel!

ORDER AT ONCE FROM

THE LIGUORIAN

OCONOMOWOC,

Box A

WISCONSIN